



The
SHOCKING
TRUTH
revealed!

The Omen
Volume 44
Issue 1

Are CLIMAX STAFFERS
actually
LIZARD PEOPLE?

In This Issue...

Speak

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Hampfest Submissions!

"I just don't want to go to this person's fuckhouse."

Omen Staff!

Sarah Mook - "Hi, I'm Sarah Mook"
B Corfman - The Box Outside The Dakin G Bathroom
Eduardo Samaniego - (we forgot, sorry)
Grace Willey - Like Oscar the Grouch But Serving Tater Tots on Halloween
Jess Ide - Straightened Black Hair W/ Green Highlights & A Crust Black Coat W/ Chains & Flames
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Nora Miller - My Fuckhouse
Shivani Kapadia - Kewl New Person #1
Haley Holsather - Kewl New Person #2
Ciara Kay - My Middle School Asthetic
Hamlet Cooper - The Underside of an L.L Bean Duckboot

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, or Grace or B's mailboxes (735 and 1666)

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.



Front cover - Jonathan Gardner
Back cover - Tom Howe

EDITORIAL

B Corfman | Grace Willey

Dear Readers

We're entering another semester. Another semester filled with issues of the Omen.

I hope you're happy.

This one's going to be out pretty late. I'd say it's due to the snow (and it partially is), but mostly it's my fault. Whoops. Looks like my streak of pushing these out on-time is over.

The fun thing about having two co-editrixes is that we can basically put whatever we want here - a single column is much more amenable to a single random story than an entire page. So you get to hear me talk about plants!

I've been getting seriously into them lately. I just repotted a cactus (planted in a pot without drainage holes, with incredibly densely-packed soil - I swear the places that sell these deliberately put them in conditions in which they'll die), and I've got some succulent leaves sitting in a pot starting to root.

I may have spoon-fed them water since I don't have a spray bottle right now. I'm kind of an overbearing plant mom.

Anyway, my point is that succulents need to become more of a thing on this campus. They're so great - literally every variety is the cutest plant you have ever seen. Go ahead, do an image search or two.

Plus, the vast majority of them can be propagated. So the more people who have them, the more possible places you can get new clippings and therefore new plants. If a lot of the campus starts raising succulents (please take good care of them, though), I can bury myself in them. And in the end, isn't that worth it?

B Corfman
Co-Editrix

The other night I had a dream that I was in this building that was an odd cross between Hampshire, my high school, and the house I grew up in. The halls were twisting and winding like Hogwarts. I saw different figures in my life making out with each other at various angles.

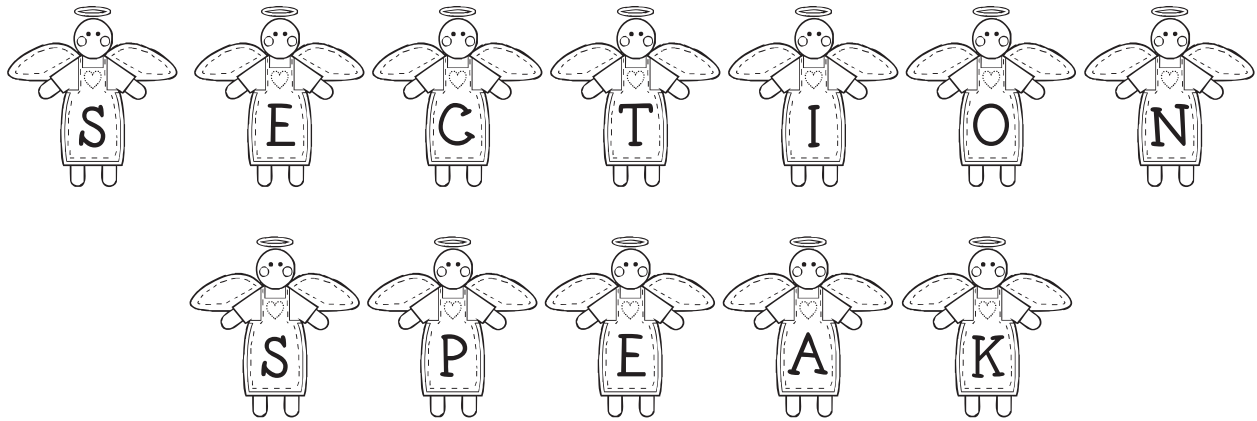
Then I found my childhood bedroom. At the foot of my bed was a mallard drake, meowing at me. He wanted to mark his territory by spraying. I protested but he opened his bill and laughed unapologetically. At first the spray was like a spritz from an aerosol can, but the spray stream just kept getting bigger and bigger and the liquid thicker and thicker and it was getting gunk over everything and in my hair and on my clothes and when I remember all bird junk comes out the same hole all I can think is "Oh my God it's like a weird porno!"

I look at the gleaming liquid on my hands and sniff. It is orange juice. This duck is filled with oranges. True enough mashed up and rotten oranges are flying from this duck's "everything hole", rinds and seeds and all. My childhood bedroom is filled with oranges and one laughing duck.

Then I woke up and realized I forgot to do my homework.

May your dreams be duck free this semester (unless your into that).

Grace Willey
Co-Editrix



Don't Trust The Administration, by Jess Ide

Don't Trust The Administration:

Don't trust Byron don't trust Pam don't trust Gretchen don't trust Diana don't trust JLash don't trust Joanna don't trust Shannon

Don't Trust The Administration:

Don't trust Clay, don't trust Eva, don't trust Elaine, don't trust Meredith, don't trust Beth, don't trust Shelly, don't trust Bobbie, don't trust Joel, don't trust Rachel, don't trust Anne, don't trust Zena, don't trust Amy, don't trust your housing director,

Don't Trust The Administration:

Don't trust Raymond, don't trust Troy, don't trust Jennifer, don't trust Sara,

Do Not Trust The Administration and don't trust the government either.

Submitted by Jess Ide



Issued by The National Weather Service Boston, MA

Sun, Jan 25, 3:52 am EST

... WINTER STORM WATCH IN EFFECT FROM MONDAY
EVENING THROUGH LATE TUESDAY NIGHT...

THE NATIONAL WEATHER SERVICE IN TAUNTON HAS
ISSUED A WINTER STORM WATCH... WHICH IS IN EFFECT
FROM MONDAY EVENING THROUGH LATE TUESDAY
NIGHT.

* LOCATIONS... WESTERN AND CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS
AS WELL AS NORTHERN CONNECTICUT.

* HAZARD TYPES... HEAVY SNOW ALONG WITH
CONSIDERABLE BLOWING AND DRIFTING SNOW. NEAR
BLIZZARD CONDITIONS ARE POSSIBLE.

* ACCUMULATIONS... SNOW ACCUMULATION OF 12 TO 24
INCHES..

* TIMING... THE WORST OF THE STORM WILL BE MONDAY
NIGHT THROUGH TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

* IMPACTS... HEAVY SNOW AND STRONG WINDS WILL
RESULT IN CONSIDERABLE BLOWING AND DRIFTING
SNOW. TRAVEL MAY BECOME DIFFICULT IF NOT
IMPOSSIBLE AND NEAR BLIZZARD CONDITIONS POSSIBLE.

* WINDS... NORTH 10 TO 20 MPH WITH GUSTS UP TO 45
MPH.

* TEMPERATURES... 12 TO 22.

* VISIBILITIES... ONE QUARTER MILE OR LESS AT TIMES.

PRECAUTIONARY/PREPAREDNESS ACTIONS...

A WINTER STORM WATCH IS ISSUED FOR THE POTENTIAL
OF ACCUMULATING SNOW OF 6 OR MORE INCHES IN A 12
HOUR PERIOD... OR 8 OR MORE INCHES IN A 24 HOUR

ONE TRAVELING IN THE NEXT 24 TO 36

Get 

[Be Ready Before Wintry Weather Hits](#)

[Safety Tips During the Storm](#)

[Ways to Stay Safe After a Winter Storm](#)

[Types of Winter Precipitation](#)

[View Live Traffic and Commute
Forecasts](#)

[More from WeatherReady](#) >

Submitted by Sarah Mook



A dark, grainy photograph of an interior space, possibly a hallway or a room. A wooden railing with vertical balusters runs across the middle of the frame. The floor is covered in debris, including what looks like a broken chair or table leg. In the background, there are windows or doorways with light coming through. The overall atmosphere is somber and desolate.

EMPTY CHAIRS AT

my thoughts when walking by I
(but seriously, are we back to st



EMPTY TABLES

HSU's HampFest tables.
(student government anarchy?)

-Xavier A. Torres
de Janon

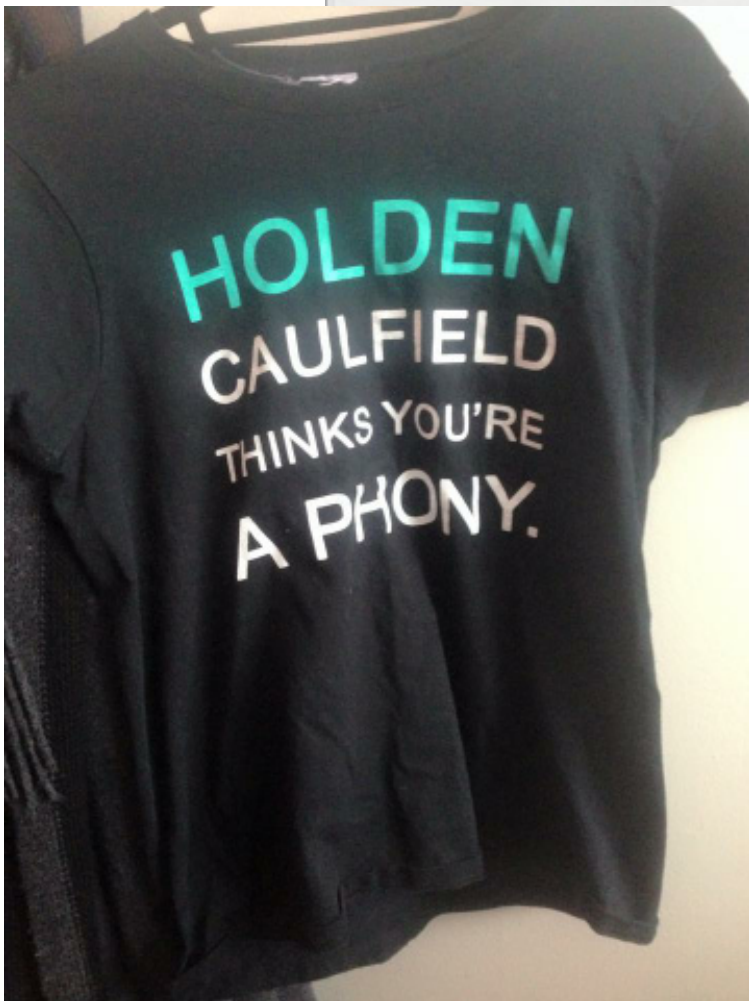
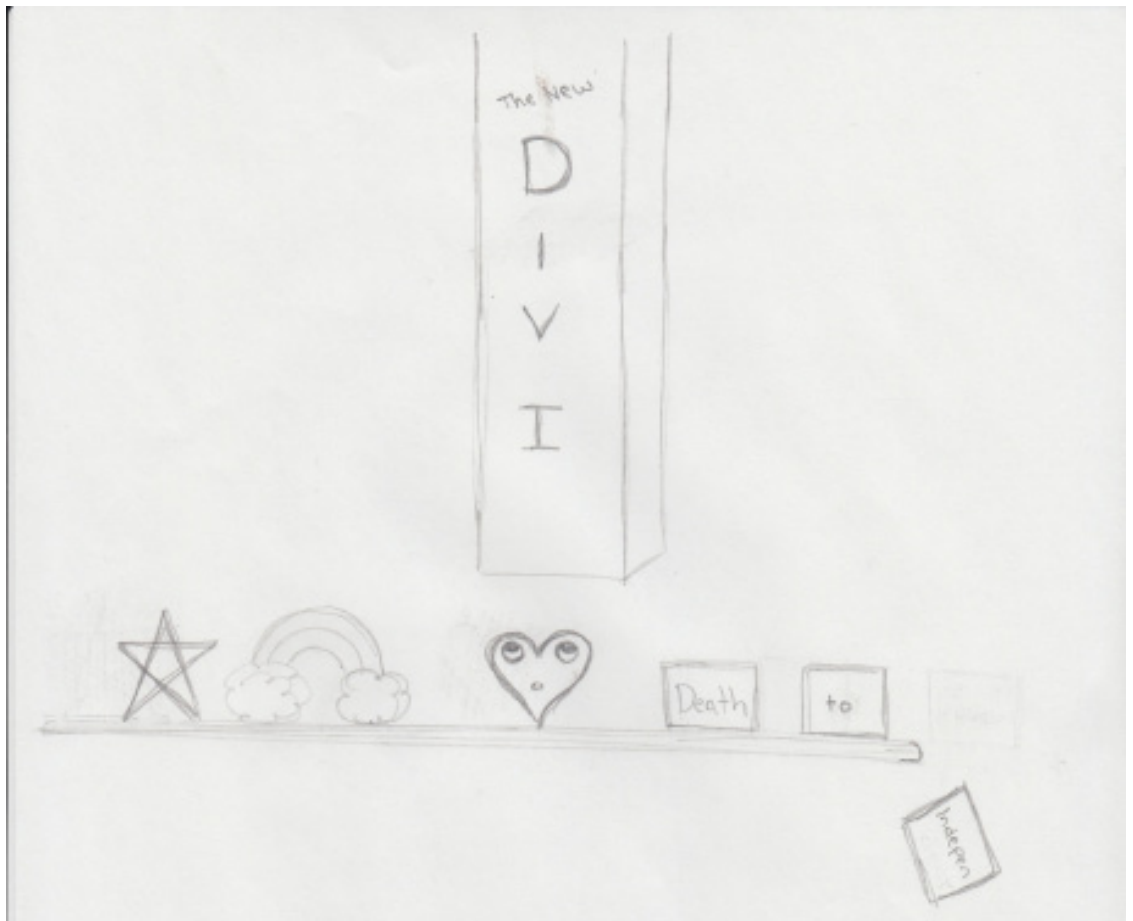


"These two trees used to be behind the RCC. When I lived in Greenwich last fall I would look at them on my way to and from home. I loved that they reached out to each other. They space they occupied is now a parking lot. Goodbye, trees."

warmly,

Tanya Gorbunova

Submitted by Sarah
Mook
I
v



Submitted by B Corfman
Probably from like 2004, we think Josiah
Litant made it

Section Lies

Coiled Debauchery
by Connor Doyle

To Ado
Thus slew
The Montague.

If only I tore the veranda.

Trees rock sweetly to the sounds of highly aired
demagogues.

Find the right ratchet 'round the rumba.

Asinine.
Decline
To the harsh, reluctant whine.

Troo-a-loo, Troo-a-loo.
A stumbling incompetent idiot.

Troo-a-loo, Troo-a-loo.
He simply can't take off his shoes.

For how can the saucepan acquaint with
All morsels it happens to lose?

Why does the ground quicken with fear
When swans sizzle on frying asphalt?

And why must the corn stalk aflame
When the hedgehog cries in sweet orgasm?

For only the haruspex knows:
A subtle rejoinder to woe
From petrels that hasten to go
To the land of merciless bile.

The Dakin Arsonist(s)

Found in A History of Student Activities and
Achievements at Hampshire College, the entirety
of which can be found at <https://www.hampshire.edu/library/a-history-of-student-activities-and-achievements-at-hampshire-college>

Story compiled from History of Student Activities
by Nora Miller

A small fire, apparently caused by an arsonist,
breaks out in the Dakin basement between F and
G at 3 a.m.; large house meetings the next day
with House Master Miriam Slater lay plans for
fire prevention and safety precautions. [Climax:
October 2, 1973]

Another fire breaks out in Dakin House, starting in
the basement of J with a pile of papers apparently
ignited by an arsonist. [Climax: October 9, 1973]

The third Dakin House fire in five days (the fourth
since September 27) engulfs J-210, when an
unidentified person enters the unlocked room and
sets fire to the clothes in a wardrobe. [Climax:
October 9, 1973]

President Longworth sends a letter to the parents
of students living in Dakin H, J, and K, urging
them to talk to their children about the fires over
Thanksgiving break, and to support his decision
to administer polygraph tests when they return.
[Memo from Charles Longworth: 11/19/73]

Ten fires have now broken out in Dakin J and K since
September, an average of one every six days; state
fire investigators suspect that the arsonist lives in
Dakin. [Climax: December 4, 1973]

Students are being evacuated from Dakin H, J, and
K to the dining commons every two to five nights

as the fires in those buildings continue; all-night suite patrols and off- duty firemen watching the buildings have produced no suspects for over 15 fires. [Climax: December 11, 1973]

Despite measures including posting security guards on halls, tying open bathroom doors, and requiring students to sign in and out of the building, fires continue to break out in Dakin House every few days. [Climax: December 18, 1973]

A formal report on the Dakin House fires is filed by investigator Ray Hill, which is only given to certain members of the administration; while the community is not told the findings, no more fires occur after the investigation. [Climax: February 19, 1973]

Files in the President's Office, including the report on the Dakin House fires, are found missing after a student reports that confidential documents have been mysteriously showing up in his mailbox. [Climax: March 5, 1974]

At least five more students report that confidential documents from the President's Office have been either mailed to them or left under their doors, while copies of the documents begin to appear elsewhere on campus, posted on bulletin boards. [Climax: March 5, 1974]

Charles Longworth and Vice President Bob Birney bring Amherst Police detectives to campus to investigate the theft of the confidential files; afterward, no more copies of the files are posted. [Climax: March 5, 1974]

An aerosol can explodes when left on a hot burner in the Dakin K-2 lounge; another is found about to explode three days later. [Climax: March 5, 1974]

A skirt hanging in the Dakin K-2 bathroom is set on fire; vials of dangerous chemicals are found in a stall in the same bathroom the next day; officials are not sure if the incidents are related, or if it is the work of the arsonist from the fall term. [Climax: March 12, 1974]





this is what the movie was about right
-B Corfman



Art by True Markham

How much of this is due to the fact that the BDC of the whole is always

A pair of white boxer shorts with a repeating pattern of the Windows logo and the text "MICROSOFT WINDOWS". The pattern is printed in a repeating grid across the fabric. The shorts have a white elastic waistband.

submitted by Jess Ide

SECTION HATE

Tom Howe

CONSUME



THE NEW JIM CROW

4.1.6



THIS DESPICABLE DUDE KICKED OUT 410 UNDOCUMENTED STUDENTS FROM A TWO YEARS COMMUNITY COLLEGE. THE 410 UNDOCUMENTED STUDENTS WERE PAYING INTERNATIONAL RATES TO ATTEND THIS COMMUNITY COLLEGE AND MOST HAD LIVED IN GEORGIA THEIR ENTIRE LIVES. THE COMMUNITY COLLEGE IS BEING ABSORBED BY A FOUR YEAR COLLEGE (GEORGIA STATE UNIVERSITY) THAT CURRENTLY BANS UNDOCUMENTED STUDENTS FROM ENROLLING THERE AS RESULT OF POLICY 4.1.6. PASSED IN 2010 BY GEORGIA LOW-LIFE BOARD OF REGENTS.

Hampshire Students are strongly encouraged to submit something, anything addressing THE FUCKING GEORGIA BOARD OF REGENTS OR SEND SOME ENCOURAGING WORDS FOR UNDOCUMENTED STUDENTS— CAUSE WE KNOW THAT IS AT LEAST

SOMETHING WE WILL BE WILLING TO DO. SEND YOUR ANSWERS AND REACTIONS TO THE GREAT Omen

Submitted by Eduardo Somoza



Art by True Markham







CAPRICORN (Goat)
December 22 - January 19

have you been looking down at your fingers lately and are they cold are they trembling? have you noticed lately how much you have been shivering? despite the snow outside this is not due to external circumstances. close your eyes and become attuned to your inner temperature. measure it against the slow clock ticking inside the glass of your window only very early in the morning a tiny ticking heart when you press your ear up against it when your breath is so near to silence. you must warm yourself gently and according to the rhythms already inside you. in the mornings practice not clutching your coffee mug so tightly.



PISCES (Fish)
February 19 - March 20

suffering with everyone spells your own undoing so you may as well unravel yourself lovingly

but small corners of you change colors without you noticing

play erotic games with those little stray fringes at the end of the fabrics you always seem to be running your fingers over lately

tease apart your melancholy into strands with sewing needles

unravel yourself completely



TAURUS (Bull)
April 20 - May 20

dick game weak tongue game strong



AQUARIUS (Water Bearer)
January 20 - February 18

STOP paying so much attention to smooth surfaces!

STOP doing that thing you keep doing you know exactly what I mean!

seek out puddles because you, this month, will be able to see more deeply into the clouds reflected on the surface than anyone can see looking up at the sky.

if you cannot find any puddles simply melt some snow it will be worth your time I promise you

melt the snow with the love inside your skull



ARIES (Ram)
March 21 - April 19

do you still have all these feelings after all these years or have they transformed or have you been dissolving them with smoke? have you given any consideration to the fleeting fleeting briefness of your solutions? when you think, where do you feel like your thoughts radiate from? can you shift them away from your skull, for example, to your wrists? where are your feelings located and why?

how does their movement feel and is this something you can change the texture of? go back to the saddest memory and mold it into the most perfect-edged cube. you can stop running away or you can continue running away and I don't particularly care either way, but I am here to remind you that you are indeed running and you only have so much breath



GEMINI (Twins)
May 21 - June 20

distance is so difficult lately how far are you stretched and how thin? you might feel like you are completely split in half and yearning for a place or a body somewhat your own but disconnected and very distantly located.

it will probably not help to drink a lot of coffee and smoke a lot of cigarettes but do it anyway.

you exist in certain cases merely as a series of punctuations and a faraway voice and to certain individuals this is all you will ever be.

what did her pussy taste like in your dreams?



CANCER (Crab)
June 21 - July 23

baby

you are carrying so much water
inside of your belly

spring a leak

whats the worst

thing

that could
happen?



VIRGO (Maiden)
August 24 - September 23

its time for you to start watching neon genesis evangelion



SCORPIO (Scorpion)
October 24 - November 22

REALIZE THAT YOUR SHARP EDGES HURT
PEOPLE YOU HAVE HURT PEOPLE AND YOU WILL
DO IT AGAIN WHAT ARE YOU SO AFRAID OF AND
WHY DO YOU LET THE FEAR GROW OUTSIDE
OF YOU YOU HAVE THORNS COVERING YOUR
ENTIRE BODY

THE END IS CLOSER THAN YOU THINK SO START
MAKING ARRANGEMENTS MOTHERFUCKER



LEO (Lion)
July 24 - August 23

you are not some wonderful big concept you are a human being with
fears and bruises and dreams and stomachaches and illness and
contradictory hungers and you are all the more beautiful because of
it.

if you have opportunities right at this very moment to express love
take a moment to do it as long as you are comfortable enough.

try touching plants more often maybe even find a botanical garden
in which you can breathe until you feel yourself photosynthesizing
exhaling moisture inhaling green and quiet insect hums.



LIBRA (Scales)
September 24 - October 23

Yes. Less booze, more getting
my life together (literally?)



SAGITTARIUS (Centaur/Archer)
November 23 - December 21

I cant find the words and Ive sat in the cold instead of walking home
to write all this
that is anecdotal but in my head it means something
I hope you dont feel alone when you cant sleep like I do
when you were trustworthy your face looked exactly the same as it
does now

I have to write because i am somewhat displeased with the latest issue of the Omen. It is small stuff.... SMALL STUFF IN THE GRAND SCHEME OF THINGS and yet it irks me. I'll tell you why...

That email correspondence, the one that began "Hi Omen, how's my baby," etc. etc. etc. was NOT meant for publication. That was an email to the Omen staff, that is to say those in attendance at the Omen layout. And I hope it WAS read aloud! (I got no email confirmation... did you do the distribution thing??? When somebody writes you an email it is nice to write back! But again this is SMALL STUFF) But it was NOT meant to be printed.

If you did want to print it, I would have had no problem with this... in fact it wouldn't have been my choice, you can print any email you receive if you want to, that's how the Omen works! But one of YOU would have had to

submit it, because I didn't. I don't mean to tell you how to do your jobs, but attention to detail, people! Come now!

The second problem I have is with the layout of the thing. When I scrolled down to read my story in there, I saw that you printed it in teeny tiny little text to make it fit onto one page. It was the smallest text in the whole issue and that made me really sad. Generally we only make things small if the writer wrote a huge chunk of text that would make the issue enormous. I know you have to fit into the multiple-of-four page limit but it might have been nice to make a little extra room for my story. PLUS unlike Microsoft Word there was no paragraph spacing, so the whole thing looks like one long, ugly block of text. Attention to detail, people!

But back to the subject of publishing emails... why did you publish Eva Isabel Tirado Barret's

email? This really sticks a lobster in my craw. It only made you guys seem like assholes for retaliating in such a mean-spirited way. She clearly wasn't even sure herself if she wanted to publish it because she was afraid to be rude, and you guys totally disrespected her by shoving it back in her face with that mean-spirited response! This is exactly the sort of drama I was talking about! Why do angry people never know when to show restraint?

I am writing to urge you, please, please, can we try to stop picking fights with the people who submit to the Omen? This is not small stuff!!!!

The thing we want to avoid is letting the Omen become the work of a few smelly people in a basement. We want the whole community involved. The best issues are the ones where Hampshire students, alumni, teachers,

everybody in the community pitches in their two cents to create something beautiful. The worst ones are the issues filled with the self-aggrandizing masturbatory bullshit that nobody likes to read. You all know what I'm talking about.

But don't forget, Omen, I love you no matter what, you always put the penny in my loafer and I mean that sincerely. Reading the Omen brightens my day and I'd absolutely perish if there was no more Omen on this earth.

God bless and keep you all my little sweet munchkins

Ben

(Big Enough For You? Also we totally put an omen in the vines on SAGA among other places -Ed)

SECTION: HAMPFEST SUBMISSIONS



! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! - Jess

THE ONE I
TO React to Things
on Camps & be scared to.
Stephanie Cole
1997

Submit it to The
OMEN!

J
md5-hash

I have a concussion so I can't Photoshop. Lastly heard on @ something this issue. ^{so} beats is drawing instantly ^{so} fast.

more like LIE_{max}

Climax? More
like DUMB MAX

Climate? More like who over cases

Climate? More like butts

I think it
So cool &
deserve to be happy

± General.
Gender² ???

Handel's.org/wiki/68w

A conversation with Hampshire by Jess Ide

Me: "Hey Hampshire let me move off campus next semester"

Hampshire: "No"

Me: "But you gave this to my abuser as his only sanction why won't you let me move off campus when I actually want to"

Hampshire: "No"

Me: "I need this, I have PTSD, this is an accomodation"

Hampshire: "Get an official diagnosis on paper"

Me: "Cool who is a therapist I can go to and get that"

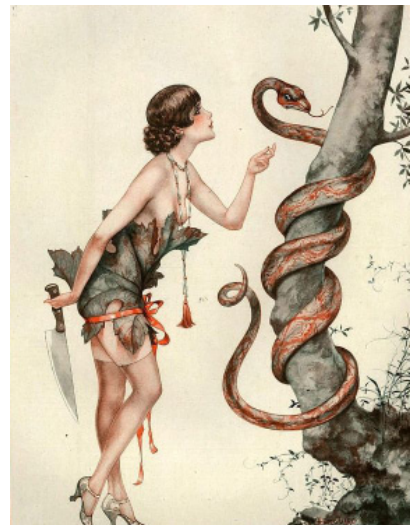
Hampshire: "Here is a list of social workers, none of whom wil give you an official diagnosis on paper"

Me: "I'm going to sue you if you don't let me move off campus"

Hampshire: "Haha, yeah right, we know you can't afford a lawyer after paying our tuition"

Jordan Perry: "I think Jess needs to move off campus"

Hampshire: "Okay, she can move off campus."



Submitted by B Corfman^

Submitted by Grace Willey =====>

